

THE
CONTRIVANCES:
WITH THE
SONGS,
AND OTHER
ADDITIONS,

As now ACTED at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE.

By HIS MAJESTY'S Servants.

As also the TUNES of the SONGS, nearly
Engraven on Copper-Plates.

Written by Mr. CAREY.

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. MEARS, at the *Lamb*, without
Temple-Bar, and Sold by J. ROBERTS, in
Warwick-Lane. M.DCC.XXIX. [Price 1 s.]

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PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER, Jun.

In the SUMMER-SEASON.

NOW the warm Solstice glads the lab'ring
[Swains,
And ripening Harvests deck the fertile Plains.
Our Great Men, quite unbent from weighty Cares,
Frolick with Country Girls at Country Fairs,—
While all the trading World as one unite,
From Morn of Saturday to Monday Night,
To lengthen out their Sabbath of Delight.
E'en Lawyers ever apt to thwart Mankind,
Yet now unwilling to be left behind,
Lay by their double Fees, and double Mein,
To wrangle for the Byass of a Green.
The Coronet, the Staff, the Sword, the Gown,
Forego the shining Toasts of London Town,
To emulate in Love the Country Clown.
Quit Diamond Necklaces, and Brussel's Lace,
To clasp the nut-brown Maid in Leathern Stays.
Stop here, thou babbling Muse! nor dare proceed,
But for the Poet humbly intercede.
To Night we show, no high-flown Love or Rage,
But simple Nature's brought upon the Stage.
A Hemskirk Piece of Poetry at best,
And calculated merely for a Jest.
As our Intention is to give Delight,
Have pity on the Errors of this Night.
To our Endeavours some Assistance lend,
If you encourage, we in Time may mend.

Dra-

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. C. B. R. Jan.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Argus, *Father to Arethusa*, } **Mr. Norris.**
 Hearty, *Father to Rovewell*, } **Mr. Roberts.**
 Rovewell, *in Love with Are-* } **Mr. Charles.**
thusa,
 Robin, *Servant to Rovewell*, } **Mr. Gibben, Jun.**
First Mob, } **Mr. Berry.**
Second Mob, } **Mr. Burvet.**
Third Mob, } **Mr. Wetherill, Jun.**
Woman Mob, } **Mr. Wright.**
Boy, } **Miss Robinson.**

WOMEN.

Arethusa, *in Love with Rove-* } **Miss Rafter.**
wel,
 Betty, *her Maid,* } **Miss Shireburn.**

SCENE, London.

THE



THE
CONTRIVANCES.



SCENE, *Rovewel's Lodgings.*

Robin Solus.

Rob.



WELL! tho' Pimping is the most Honourable and Profitable of all Professions, it is certainly the most dangerous and fatiguing; but of all fatigues, there's none like following a Vertuous Mistress — there's not one Letter I carry, but I run the risque of Kicking, Caning, or Pumping; nay often Hanging — let me See; I have Committed three Burglaries to get one Letter to her — now if my Master should not get the Gipsy at last, I have ventur'd my sweet Person to a fair Purpose — But, Basta! here comes my Master and his Friend,
Mr.

Mr. Hearty — I must hasten, and get our disguises.

*And if dame Fortune fail us now to win her,
Ob all ye Gods above! the Devil's in her.*

[Exit.]

Enter Rovewel and Hearty.

Hear. Why so Melancholly, Captain? Come, Come, a Man of your Gayety and Courage should never take a disappointment so much to Heart.

Rove. Sdeath! to be prevented when I had brought my design so near perfection!

Hear. Wou'd you be less open and daring in your Attempts, you might hope to Succeed — the Old Gentleman, you know, is cautious to a Degree; his Daughter under a strict Confinement, would you use more of the Fox than the Lyon; Fortune perhaps might throw an opportunity in your way — But you must have Patience.

Rove. Who can have Patience when Danger is so near? Read this Letter, and then tell me what room there is for Patience.

Hearty Reads.

“ To morrow will prevent all our vain
“ Struggles to get to each other — I am then
“ to be Marry'd to my eternal Averlion;
“ you know the Fop, 'tis Cuckoo, who hav-
“ ing a large Estate, is forc'd upon me; but
“ my Heart can be none but Rovewel's: Im-
“ mediately after the Receipt of this, meet
“ Betty at the old Place; there is yet one In-
“ vention

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“vention left, if you pursue it closely, you
“may perhaps release her, who wou’d be
“your—

ARETHUSA.

Rove. Yes *Arethusa*, I will release thee, or dye
in the Attempt. Dear Friend, Excuse my Rude-
ness, you know the reason.

AIR I.

*I'll face ev'ry Danger
to rescue my Dear,
For fear is a Stranger
where Love is Sincere.*

*Repulses but Fire us,
despair we despise
If beauty Inspire us
to pant for the Prize.*

[*Exit.*

Hear. Well, go thy way, and get her, for thou
deserv’st her o’ my Conscience. How have I been
deceiv’d in this Boy? I find him the very reverse
of what his Step-mother represented him; and am
now sensible it was only her ill usage that forc’d my
Child away— His not having seen me since he
was five Years Old, renders me a perfect Stranger
to him— under that pretence I have got into
his Acquaintance, and find him all I wish—
If this Plot of his fails, I believe my Money must
buy him the Girl at last.

[*Exit.*

Arethusa

SCENE, a Chamber in Argus's House.

Arethusa Sola.

AIR II.

Are. See! the radiant Queen of Night
Sheds on all her kindly Beams,
Gilds the Plains with cheerful Light,
And Sparkles in the Silver Streams.

Smiles adorn the face of Nature,
Tasteless all things yet appear,
Unto me a hapless Creature
in the absence of my Dear.

Enter Argus.

Arg. Pray Daughter, what *Lingua* is that fame
you Chaunt and Sputter out at this rate?

Are. *English* Sir.

Arg. *English* Quotha! adod I took it for non-
sense.

Are. 'Tis a Hymn to the Moon.

Arg. A Hymn to the Moon! I'll have none of
your Hymns in my House—give me the Book
Housewife.

Are. I hope Sir, there's no crime in reading a
harmless Poem.

Arg. Give me the Book I say Poems with a
Pox! what are they good for, but to blow up
the fire of Love, and make young Wenches wan-
ton;—but I have taken care of you, Mistress,
for to Morrow you shall have a Husband to stay
your Stomach, and no less a Person than Squire
Cuckoo.

Are.

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Arg. You will not surely be so Cruel to Marry
me to a Man I cannot Love.

Arg. Why what sort of a Man would you have
Mrs. Minx?

AIR III.

Are. Genteel in Personage,
Conduct and Equipage,
Noble by Heritage,
Generous and free.

Brave, not Romantick,

Learn'd, not Pedantick

Frolick, not Frantick,

This must be he.

Honour Maintaining,

Meanness Disdaining,

Still Entertaining,

Engaging and new.

Neat but not Finical,

Sage but not Cynical,

Never Tyrannical,

But ever true.

Arg. Why, is not Mr. Cuckoo all this? odd he's
a brisk young Fellow, and a little featherbed Doc-
trine will soon put the Captain out of your Head;
and to put you out of his Power, you shall be gi-
ven over to the Squire to Morrow.

Are. Surely Sir you will at least defer it one Day.

Arg. No, nor one Hour—— to morrow Morn-
ing at Eight of the Clock precisely—— In the

B

mean

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mean Time, take notice the Squire's Sister is Hourly expected; so pray do you be Civil and Sociable with her, and let me have none of your Pouts and Louts, as you tender my displeasure.

[Exit.

Are. To morrow is short Warning; but we may be too cunning for you yet, old Gentleman.

Enter Betty.

O Betty! welcome a thousand Times! what news? have you seen the Captain?

Bet. Yes Madam, and if you were to see him in his new Rigging, you'd split your Sides with Laughing—Such a Hoyden, such a Piece of Country Stuff, you never set your Eyes on—but the Petticoats are soon thrown off, and if good Luck attends us, you may easily conjure Miss *Mal-kin*, the 'Squire's Sister, into your own dear Captain.

Are. But when will he come?

Bet. Instantly Madam, he only stays to settle Matters for our Escape. He's in deep Consultation with his Privy-Counsellor *Robin*, who is to attend him in the Quality of a Country Putt—they'll both be here in a Moment; so let's in and pack up the Jewels, that we may be ready at once to leap into the Saddle of Liberty, and ride full Speed to your Desires.

Are. Dear Betty, let's make haste, I think ev'ry Moment an Age till I'm free from this Bondage.

AIR

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III

AIR IV.

When Parents obstinate and cruel prove,

And force us to a Man we cannot love,

'Tis fit we disappoint the sordid Elves,

And wisely get us Husbands for our Selves.

Bea. There they are—in, in. [*Knocks again.*]

Enter Argus.

Arg. You're woundy hasty methinks, to knock at that rate—this is certainly some Courtier come to borrow Money, I know it by the saucy rapping of the Footman—who's at the Door?

Rob. within. Tummos.

Arg. Tummos! who's Tummos? who wou'd you speak with Friend?

Rob. With young Master's Vather-in-Law that mun be, Master Hardguts.

Arg. And what's your Business with Master Hardguts?

Rob. Why young Mistress is come out o' the Country to see Brother's Wife that mun be, that's all.

Arg. Odso the Squire's Sister, I'm sorry I made her wait so long.

Enter Rovewel in Woman's Cloaths, Robin

as a Clown.

Save you, fair Lady, you're welcome to Town (*Rovewel Curtseys*)—a very modest Maiden truly, how long have you been in Town Lady?

B 2

Rob.

Rob. Why an Hour, or a Bit, or so—we just put up Horses at *King's-Arms* yonder, and staid a Crum to zee poor Things feed, for your *London* Ostlers give little enough to poor Beasts, an you stond not by 'em your zell, and see 'em fed, as soon as your back's turn'd, egod they'll cheer you to your Face.

Arg. Why how now *Clodpate*? are you to speak before your Mistress, with and your Hat on too? is that your Country Breeding?

Rob. Why an it's on, it's on, an it's off, it's off—what cares *Tummos*, for your false-hearted *London* Complements? an you'd have an Answer from young Mistress, you mun look to *Tummos*; for she's so main Bashful, she never speaks one Word but her Prayers, and thof'n so softly, nobody can hear her.

Arg. I like her the better; Silence is a heavenly Vertue in a Woman, but very rare to be found in this wicked Place—have you seen your Brother, pretty Lady! since you came to Town? *Rosewel* (*Curtseys*) O miraculous Modesty! would all Women were thus? can't you speak Madam?

Rob. An you get a Word from her, 'tis more nor she has spoken to us these fourscore and seven long Miles; but young Mistress will prate fast enough, an you set her among your Women Volk, when she's once acquainted.

Arg. Say'st thou so, honest Fellow, I'll lend her to those that have Tongue enough I warrant you; here *Betty*.

Enter

Enter Betty.

Take this young Lady to my Daughter, 'tis 'Squire Cuckoo's Sister; and, d'ye hear? make much of her I charge you.

Bet. Yes Sir — please to follow me, Madam.

Rog. Now you Rogue, for a Lie, an Hour and a Half long, to keep the old Fellow in Suspence. *[Aside]* *[Exit with Betty.]*

Rog. Don't you think my Mistress a fine young Woman — She's wonderfully hemir'd in our Country for her Shapes.

Arg. Oh she's a fine Creature indeed — Well honest Friend, but where's the Squire?

Rob. Why one cannot find a Mon out in this same *Londonshire*, there are so many Taveruns and Chocklen Housen, you may as well seek a Needle in a Hay-fardel, as they Say'n i' th' Country — I was at Squires Lodging yonder, and there was Nobody but a prate-apace Whorson of a Footboy, and he told me Maister was at Chocklin-House, and all the while the vixon did nothing but Taunt and Laugh at me — I cod I cou'd have found in my Heart to have gi'n him a good Wherrit in the Chops. So I went to one Chocklin-House, and t'other Chocklin-House, till I was quite a weary, and I cou'd see nothing but a many People Supping hot Suppings, and reading your Gazing Papers, but we had much ado to find out your Worship's House, the vixen Boys set us o' thick Side, adod and o' thack Side, we were almost lost; an it were not for an honest Fellow that know'd your Worship and set us i' the right Way.

Arg.

Arg. It's a pity they shou'd use Strangers so; but as to your young Mistress, does she never Speak?

Rob. Adod Sir, never to a Mon; why she wo-
not Speak to her own Father, she's so main bash-
ful or so.

Arg. That's Strange indeed! but how does my
Friend Sir Roger? he's well, I hope.

Rob. Hearty still Sir — He has drunk down
six Fox-hunters sin last *Lammas* — He holds his old
Course still, twenty Pipes a Day, a Cup of Mum
in the Morning, a Tankard of Ale at Noon, and
three Bottles of Stingo at Night. The same Mon
now he was 30 Years ago, and yong Squire *Ted-*
ward is just come from Varsity: Lard he's mainly
growd sin' you saw him; He's a fine proper tall
Gentleman now, why He's near upon as tall as you
or I mun.

Arg. Good now, Good now! but woud'it drink
honest Friend?

Rob. I don't care an I do a bit or so, for to
say truth, I'm mortal dry.

Arg. Here *John!* —
Enter Servant.

Take this honest Fellow down, and make him
welcome. When your Mistress is ready to go we'll
call you.

Rob. Ay! pray take care and make much of me,
for I am a bitter honest Fellow and you did but
know me.

[*Exit Rob. with Serv.*]

Arg. These Country Fellows are very Blunt,
but very Honest. I wou'd fain hear his Mistress
talk.

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talk. He said she'd find her Tongue when she was amongst those of her own Sex — I'll go listen for once and hear what the young Tits have to say to one another. [Exit.

Enter Rovevel, Arethusa, and Betty.

Rove. Dear *Arethusa*, delay not the Time thus, your Father will certainly come in and Surprize us.

Bet. Let's make Hay while the Sun shines, Madam, I long to be out of this Prison.

Are. So do I, but not on the Captain's Conditions, to be his Prisoner for Life.

Rove. I shall run Mad if you trifle thus, Name your Conditions; I sign my Consent before hand.

Are. Indeed Captain, I'm afraid to trust you.

A I R V.

Cease to perswade,
nor say you love Sincerely,
When you've betray'd
you'll treat me most Severely;
And fly what once you did pursue.

Happy the fair,
Who ne'er believes you,
But gives despair,
Or else deceives you,
And learns Inconstancy from you.

Rove. Unkind *Arethusa*, I little expected this Usage from you.

A I R

AIR VI.

When did you see

Any falshood in me.

That thus you unkindly Suspect me;

Speak, Speak your Mind,

For I fear you're Inclin'd,

In Spite of my Truth to reject me.

If it must be so

To the Wars I will go,

Where danger my Passion shall smother;

I'd rather Perish there

Than linger in despair,

Or see you in the Arms of another.

Enter Argus behind.

Arg. So, So, this is as it shou'd be; they are as Gracious as can be already— How the young tit Smuggles her! add the Kisses with a hearty good Will.

Are. I must confess I am half Inclin'd to believe you, Captain.

Arg. Captain! how's this? bless my Eyesight! I know the Villain now, but I'll be even with him.

Bet. Dear Madam, don't trifle so, the Parson's at the very next Door, you'll be tackt together in an Instant, and then I'll trust you to come back to your Cage again, if you can do it with a safe Conscience.

Arg. Here's a treacherous Jade! I'll do your Business for you, Mrs. Jezebel.

Bet.

Ret. Consider, Madam, what a Life you lead here, what a jealous, ill-natur'd, watchful, covetous, barbarous, old Cuff of a Father you have to deal with—what a glorious Opportunity this is, and what a sad, sad, very sad Thing it is to die a Maid!

A I R VII.

*Would you live a stale Virgin for ever;
Sure you're out of your Senses,
Or these are Pretences;
Can you part with a Person so clever?
In Troth you are highly to blame.*

*And you Mr. Lover! to trifle;
I thought that a Soldier,
Was wiser and bolder!
A Warriour should plunder and rifle;
A Captain!—Oh fye for Shame!*

Arg. If that Jade dies a Maid, I'll die a Martyr.

Ret. In short Madam, if you stay much longer, you may repent it every Vein in your Heart—the old Hunks will undoubtedly pop in upon us and discover all, and then we're undone for ever.

Arg. You may go to the Devil for ever, Mrs. Impudence.

Are. Well Captain, if you shou'd deceive me.

Rev. If I do, may Heav'n—

Are. Nay, no Swearing Captain, for fear you shou'd prove like the rest o'your Sex.

Rev. How can you doubt me, *Arcthusa*, when you know how much I love you?

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Arg. A wheedling Dog! but I'll spoil your Sport anon.

Bet. Come, come away, dear Madam!—I have the Jewels; but stay, I'll go first and see if the Coast be clear. [*Argus meets her*]

Arg. Where are you going, pretty Maiden?

Bet. Only, do—do—down Stairs Sir.

Arg. And what hast thou got there Child?

Bet. Nothing but pi, pi, pi—pins Sir.

Arg. Here, give me the Pins, and do you go to Hell, Mrs. Mine, d'ye hear? out of my House this Moment Huswife—these are Chamber-Jades forsooth—O *Tempora!* O *Mores!* what an Age is this? Get you in forsooth, I'll talk with you anon. [*Exit Arethusa.*] So Captain, are those your Regimental Cloaths? I'll assure you, they become you mightily now; if you did but see your self, how much like a Hero you look, *Ecce Signum*, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Row. Blood and Fury! stop your Grinning, or I'll stretch your Mouth with a Vengeance.

Arg. Nay, nay, Captain *Belfrage*, if you're so passionate, it's high Time to call Aid and Assistance; here *Richard*, *Thomas*, *John*, help me to lay hold on this Fellow; you have no Sword now Captain, no Sword, d'ye mark me?

Enter Sverants and Robin.

Row. But I have a Pistol Sir, at your Service.

Arg. O Lord! O Lord!

Row. And I'll unload it in your Breast, if you stir one Step after me. [*Exit.*]

Arg. A bloody minded Dog! but lay hold on that Rogue there, that Country Cheat.

Rob.

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Rob. See here, Gentlemen; are two little Bull-dogs of the same Breed, (*Presenting two Pistols*) they are wonderful Scourers of the Brain—— so that if you offer to molest or follow us—— you understand me, Gentlemen, you understand me.

[*Exit.*

1st Ser. Yes, yes, we understand you with a Pox.

2d Ser. The Devil go with 'em I say.

Arg. Ay, ay, good bye to you in the Devil's Name——a terrible Dog! what a Fright he has put me in——I shan't be my self this Month; and you, ye cowardly Rascals, to stand by and see my Life in Danger; get you out ye Slaves, out of my House I say——I'll put an End to all this; I'll not have a Servant in the House——I'll carry all the Keys in my Pocket; and never sleep more. What a murdering Son of a Whore is this? but I'll prevent him; for to Morrow she shall be marry'd certainly, and then my furious Gentleman can have no Hopes left—— a Jezebel, to love a Red-coat without any Money———had he but Money, if he wanted Sense, Manners, or even Manhood it self, it matter'd not a Pin——but to want Money is the Devil——well, I'll secure her under Lock and Key till to Morrow, and if her Husband can't keep her from Captain Hunting, e'en let her bring him Home a fresh Pair of Horns ev'ry Time she goes out upon the Chase.

[*Exit.*

SCENE, a Chamber.

Arethusa discover'd sitting Melancholly on a Couch.

AIR VIII.

O leave me to Complain
my loss of Liberty,
I never more shall see my Swain,
Or Ever more be free.

O Cruel, Cruel fate!
what Joy can I receive,
When in the Arms of one I hate,
I'm doom'd alas! to live.

Te pitying Powr's above,
that See my Soul's dismay;
O! bring me back the Man I love,
or take my Life away.

Enter Argus—

Arg. So Lady! your'e welcome home— See how the pretty Turtles sits Moaning the loss of her Mate— What, not a Word, Thusy? not a Word, Child? Come, Come, don't be in the dumps now, and I'll fetch the Captain, or the Squire's Sister, perhaps they may make it prattle a bit— ah! ungracious Hufwife! is all my care come to this? is this the Gratitude you shew your Uncle's Memory? to throw away what he bustled so hard for at so mad a Rate? did he leave you 12,000 l. think you, to make you no better than a Soldier's Trull, to follow a Camp?
to

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to carry a Knapſack? this is what you'd have Miſtreis, is it not?

Are. This, and ten Thouſand times worſe, were better with the Man I Love, than to be chain'd to the nauſeous Embraces of one I hate.

Arg. A very dutiful Lady indeed! I'll make you Sing another Song to Morrow, Miſtreſs; and till then, I'll leave you in *Salva Custodia* to Conſider—— by'e Thusy! [Exit.

Are. How barbarous is the coveteouſneis and caution of illnatur'd Parents? They toil for Eſtates with a View to make Poſterity happy, and then by miſtaken Prudence they march us to our Averſion; but I am reſolv'd not to Suffer tamely however—— they ſhall See, tho' my Body's weak, my Reſolution's ſtrong; and I may yet find Spirit enough to plague them.

A I R IX.

*Sooner than I'll my Love forego,
And looſe the Man I prize;
I'll Bravely combat ev'ry Woe,
Or fall a Sacrifice.*

*Nor Bolts, nor Bars, ſhall me controul,
I Death and Danger dare;
Reſtraint but fires the active Soul,
And urges fierce Deſpair.*

*The Window now ſhall be my Gate;
I'll either fall or fly,
Before I'll live with him I hate,
For him I Love I'll die.* [Exit.

S C E N E, the Street.

Heartwel and Rovewel meeting.

Rove. So my dear Friend here already—— this is kind. *Heart.*

Heart. Sure Captain, this Lady must have some extraordinary Merit, for whom you undertake such difficulties; what are her particular Charms besides her Money?

AIR X.

Rov. Without Affectation, Gay, Thoughtful and
[pretty,
Without Pride or Meanness, Familiar and
[Witty,
Without forms obliging, good natured and
[free,
Without Art as lovely, as lovely can be.
She Acts what she thinks, and she thinks
[what she says,
Regardless alike both of Censure and Praise.
But her Thoughts and her Words, and her
[Actions are such
That none can admire 'em, or praise her too
[much.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, Sir, I want to Speak with you.

[Whispers *Rovewel.*

Rove. Is your Mistress lock'd up say you?

Boy. Yes Sir, and Betty's turn'd away, and all the Men Servants, and there's no living Soul in the House but our old Cookmaid, and I, and my Master, and Mrs. *Thusy*; and she Cries, and Cries, her Eyes out almost.

Rove. O the tormenting News! but if the Garrison's so Weak, the Castle may be the sooner Storm'd, how did you get out?

Boy. Thro' the Kitchen Window Sir.

Rove.

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Rove. Shew me the Window presently.

Boy. Alackaday, it won't do Sir! that Plot won't take.

Rove. Why Sirrah?

Boy. You are something too big Sir!

Rove. I'll try that however.

Boy. Indeed Sir, you can't get your Leg in; but I could put you in a way.

Rove. How, dear Boy?

Boy. I can lend you the Key of Mrs. T'busy's Chamber—— If you can contrive to get into the House—— but you must be sure to let my Mistress out.

Rove. How could'st thou get it? this is almost a Miracle.

Boy. I pickt it out of my Master's Coat Pocket this Morning Sir, as I was brushing him.

Rove. That's my Boy! there's Money for you; this Child will come to good in Time.

Boy. My Master will miss me Sir, I must go, but I wish you good luck. [Exit.]

A IR XI.

Arethusa at the Window above.

A Dialogue between her and Rove.

Rov. Make haste and away my only Dear,

Make haste and away, away!

For all at the Gate,

Your true Lover does wait,

And I prithee make no delay.

Are,

Are. O how shall I steal away? my Love!
 O how shall I steal away?
 My Daddy is near,
 And I dare not for fear,
 Pray come then another Day.

Rev. O this is the only Day my Life,
 O this is the only Day;
 I'll draw him aside,
 While you throw the Gates wide,
 And then you may steal away.

Are. Then prithee make no delay my Dear,
 Then prithee make no delay,
 We'll serve him a Trick,
 For I'll slip in the Nick,
 And with my true Love away.

CHORUS.

O Cupid befriend a loving Pair,
 O Cupid befriend us we pray;
 May our Stratagem take,
 For thine own sweet sake,
 And Amen! let all true Lovers say.
 [Arethusa withdraws.]

Enter Robin and Soldiers.

Rev. So my Hearts of Oak, are you all ready?

Sold. Yes Sir, yes, an it please your noble Honour.

Rev. You know your cue then— Serjeant to your Post.

Rob.

Rob. What, are you all asleep, or dead in the House, that you can't hear?

Enter Argus.

Arg. You are very hasty Sir, Methinks——

Rob. My business Sir, requires haste.

Arg. Your business! pray Sir what is your business.

Rob. No great Matter Sir, only to borrow a Thousand Pounds of you.

Arg. Very concise indeed—— but upon what Security.

Rob. Upon what Security! upon my own Sir.

Arg. Sir your most humble Servant, you must excuse me, I never lend Money at that rate—— a Thousand Pound upon thy Security! ha, ha, ha, ha—— did'st ever see a Thousand Pence of thy own? pray Sir, what Countryman are you?

Rob. Sdeath Sir, do you mean to affront me?

Arg. O, by no means Sir, only to shut the Door, and keep the Thousand Pound to my self.

Rob. Sir, I must have Satisfaction.

[Collars Argus, while the Soldiers get between him and the Door.]

Arg. Get you gone Fellow, you want to Rob me, do you.

Rob. Blood and Fire and Fury! *[they Seize, Blindfold, and Gag him, and stand over him while Rovewel carries Arethusa off, after which they leave him. Argus makes a great noise.]*

Enter Mob.

All. What's the matter? what's the matter?

[they Ungag him.]

Arg. O Neighbours, I'm Rob'd and Murder'd, Ruin'd and Undone for Ever.

D

1st. Mob.

1st. Mob. Why what's the matter Master?

Arg. There's a whole Legion of Thieves in my House, they Gag'd and Blindfolded me, and offer'd forty naked Swords at my Breast——I beg of you assist me, or they'll strip the House in a Minute.

2d. Mob. Forty drawn Swords say you Sir?

Arg. Ay, and more I think on my Conscience.

2d. Mob. Then look you Sir, I am a marry'd Man, and have a Family, and I wou'd not venture amongst such a parcel of blood thirsty Rogues for the World; but if you please, I'll run and call a Constable.

All. Ay, ay, call a Constable, call a Constable.

Arg. I shan't have a Penny left if we stay for a Constable——I am but one Man, and as old as I am I'll lead the way if you'll follow me. [Exit.

All. Ay, ay, in, in, follow, follow, Huzza.

1st. Mob. Prithee Jack, do you go in, an you come to that.

3d. Mob. I go in! what shou'd I go in for, I have lost nothing.

Wom. What, no Body to help the poor Old Gentleman; od! if I was a Man I'd follow him my self.

3d. Mob. Why don't you then? what occasion ableness have I to be kill'd for him, or you either.

Enter Robin as Constable.

All. Here's Mr. Constable, here's Mr. Constable.

Rob. Silence in the King's Name.

All. Ay, Silence, Silence.

Rob. What's the meaning of this Riot? who makes all this disturbance?

1st. Mob. I'll tell you Mr. Constable.

2d Mob.

3d. Mob. And't please your Worship, let me Speak.

Rob. Ay, this Man talks like a Man of Parts—
what's the matter Friend?

3d. Mob. And't please your noble Worship's Honour, and Glory we are his Majesties Leige Subjects, and were terrify'd out of our Habitations and dwelling Places by a cry from Abroad, which your noble Worship must understand was occasionable by the Gentleman of this House, who was so unfortunale as to be kill'd by Thieves, who are now in his House to the Numbration of above Forty, and't please your Worship, all compleatly Arm'd with Powder and Ball; Backswords, Pistols, Bayonets, and Blunderbusses.

Rob. But what is to be done in this Case?

3d. Mob. Why an please your Worship, knowing your Noble Honour to be the King's Majesty's Noble Officer of the Peace, we thought 'twas best your Honour shou'd come and Terrify these Rogues away with your noble Authority.

Rob. Well said, very well said indeed——
Gentlemen, I am the King's Officer, and I command you in the King's Name to Aid and Assist me to call those Rogues out of the House——
Who's within there? I charge you come out in the King's Name, and submit your Selves to our Royal Authority.

Argus from the House.

2d. Mob. This is the Gentleman that was kill'd and't please your Worship.

Arg. O Neighbours, I'm ruin'd and undone for Ever, they have taken away all that's Dear to me in the World.

1st. Mob. That's his Money, 'tis a sad coveteous Dog.

D 2

Rob.

Rob. Why what's the matter? what have they done?

Arg. O, they have taken my Child from me, my *Thussy*.

Rob. Good lack!

3d. Mob. Marry, come up, what valuation can she be— but have they taken nothing else?

Arg. Wou'd they had stript my House of ev'ry Pennyworth, so they had left my Child.

1st. Mob. That's a Lye I believe, for he loves his Money more than his Soul, and wou'd sooner part with that than a Groat.

Arg. This is the Captain's doings, but I'll have him Hang'd.

Rob. But where are the Thieves?

Arg. Gone, gone, beyond all Hopes of Pursuit.

2d. Mob. What! are they gone then—Come Neighbours, let us go in; and kill every Mother's Child of 'em.

Rob. Hold, I charge you commit no Murderation; follow me, and we'll apprehend 'em.

Arg. Go Villains, Cowards, Cuckolds, Scoundrels, or I shall suspect you are the Thieves that mean to rob me of what yet is left. How brave you are, now all the Danger's over? [*Looking at Robin.*] Oh you Dog! you are that Rogue Robin, the Captain's Man, [*Robin makes off.*] seize him Neighbours! Seize him! Well, from this Moment my Doors shall be open, and my Mouth shut, till my Heart break, or my poor Child is found.

Enter Rovewel, Hearty, Arethusa, Betty, Robin.

Bless me! who have we got here? O *Thussy*! *Thussy*!

fy! I had rather never have seen thee again, than have found thee in such Company.

Are. Sir, I hope my Husband's Company is not Criminal.

Arg. Your Husband? who's your Husband Husband? that Scoundrel, that no Captain——out of my Sight thou ungracious Wretch! I'll go make my Will this Instant——and you, you Villain, how dare you look me in the Face after all this——I'll have you hang'd Sirrah, I will so.

Hear. O fye, Brother *Argus*, moderate your Passion——You don't do well to abuse your Son-in-Law at this Rate. It ill becomes the Friendship you owe *Ned Worthby*, to vilify and affront his only Child, and for no other Crime than improving that Friendship which has ever been between us.

Arg. Ha! my dear Friend alive! I heard thou wer't dead in the *Indies*——and is that thy Son? and my Godson, if I am not mistaken.

Hear. The very same——the last and best Remains of our Family, forc'd by my Wife's Cruelty, and my Absence, to the Army. My Wife is since dead, and the Son she had by her former Husband, whom she intended to heir my Estate; but Fortune guided me by Chance to my dear Boy, who after Twenty Years Absence, and changing my Name, knew me not, till I just now discover'd my self to him, and your fair Daughter, whom I will make him deserve by Thirty Thousand Pound, which I brought from *India*, beside what real Estate I may leave him at my Death.

Arg. And to match that, old Boy, my Daughter shall have every Penny of mine, besides her Uncle's Legacy. Ah you young Rogue! had I known

known you, I wou'd not have us'd you so roughly—however since you have won my Girl so bravely, take her, and welcome—but you must excuse all Faults—the old Man meant all for the best; you must not be angry.

Rove. Sir, on the contrary, we ought to beg your Pardon for the many Disquiets we have giv'n you; and with your Pardon, we hope for your Blessing. [*Kneels.*]

Arg. You have it Children, with all my Heart.

A I R. XII.

Rove. *Lovely Ruler of my Heart,
Queen of all, and ev'ry Part,
Object of my Soul's Desire,
For whose Sake I cou'd expire.
Witness all the Gods above,
That I only live to Love;
That I love but you alone,
Kindly then my Passion crown.*

*Queen of my Heart, and only Idol of my Soul,
Bless the Power that does my ravish'd Sense controul.
So mild, so gentle is your Reign,
I gladly wear the pleasing Chain;
Such Pride I take, your Slave to be,
I wou'd not, if I cou'd, be free.*

Rob. I hope Sir, you'l forgive me too; for truly if my Master's Necessities had not oblig'd me, I had never troubled Your Worship for a Thousand Pound at once; but the next Time I do (because you doubted my Word) I'll give you my Bond for the Payment.

Arg.

The CONTRIVANCES. 31

Arg. And I'll give you my Bond you shall be hang'd if you do.

Rob. I thank you Sir, 'tis mighty well as it is.

Arg. But I forgive you you Rogue, tho' you don't deserve it.

Rob. Ay indeed Sir, 'tis more my Goodness than your Deserts.

Hear. Well Robin, thou shalt not want proper Encouragement.

Arg. Bless you both my dear Children——
ah the little Rogues! how pretty they look——
Come Buss and Friends. But how came that Baggage here——out of my House Huswife.

Betty Kneeling. Indeed and indeed Sir, I'll never offend you more—— Consider, that what I did was for the best, if I shou'd leave my Mistress now, 'twou'd break my Heart.

All. You must forgive her.

Arg. Well, I do, I do—I'll never be angry again as long as I live. Adod I am so transported, I can't tell whether I walk or fly.

Are. May your Joy be everlasting.

A I R XIII.

Rovewel and Arethusa; Embracing.

Thus fondly Caressing,

My Idol, my Treasure,

How Great is the Blessing,

How Sweet is the Pleasure.

With Joy I behold thee,

And doat on thy Charms;

Thus while I enfold thee,

I've Heav'n in my Arms.

E P I-

EPILOGUE,

· ADDRESS'D to the TOWN.

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER, Jun.

The Last Time of the YOUNG COMPANY'S
ACTING for the Summer-Season.

IF Language cou'd our grateful Thoughts express,
Those Thoughts should wait not for Poetic Dress;
But Words, alas! are far too poor to show,
The Thanks we to your kind Indulgence owe;
Who've Merit made of our Desire to please,
Wink'd at our Faults, and rais'd us by Degrees.
Encouragement, the very Life of Art,
Stirs up the active Mind and fires the Heart:
From small Beginnings makes th' Industrious mend,
And struggle till Perfection crowns the End.
Accept our humblest Thanks for Favours past,
And give us Hope to think 'em not the last.
In Pity pardon what has been amiss;
Another Tear may mend the Faults of this:
And if hereafter we deserve Applause,
Be Yours the Praise whose Goodness was the Cause.

4 AP 54

F I N I S.

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Air J. (1)



Air 5

(2)

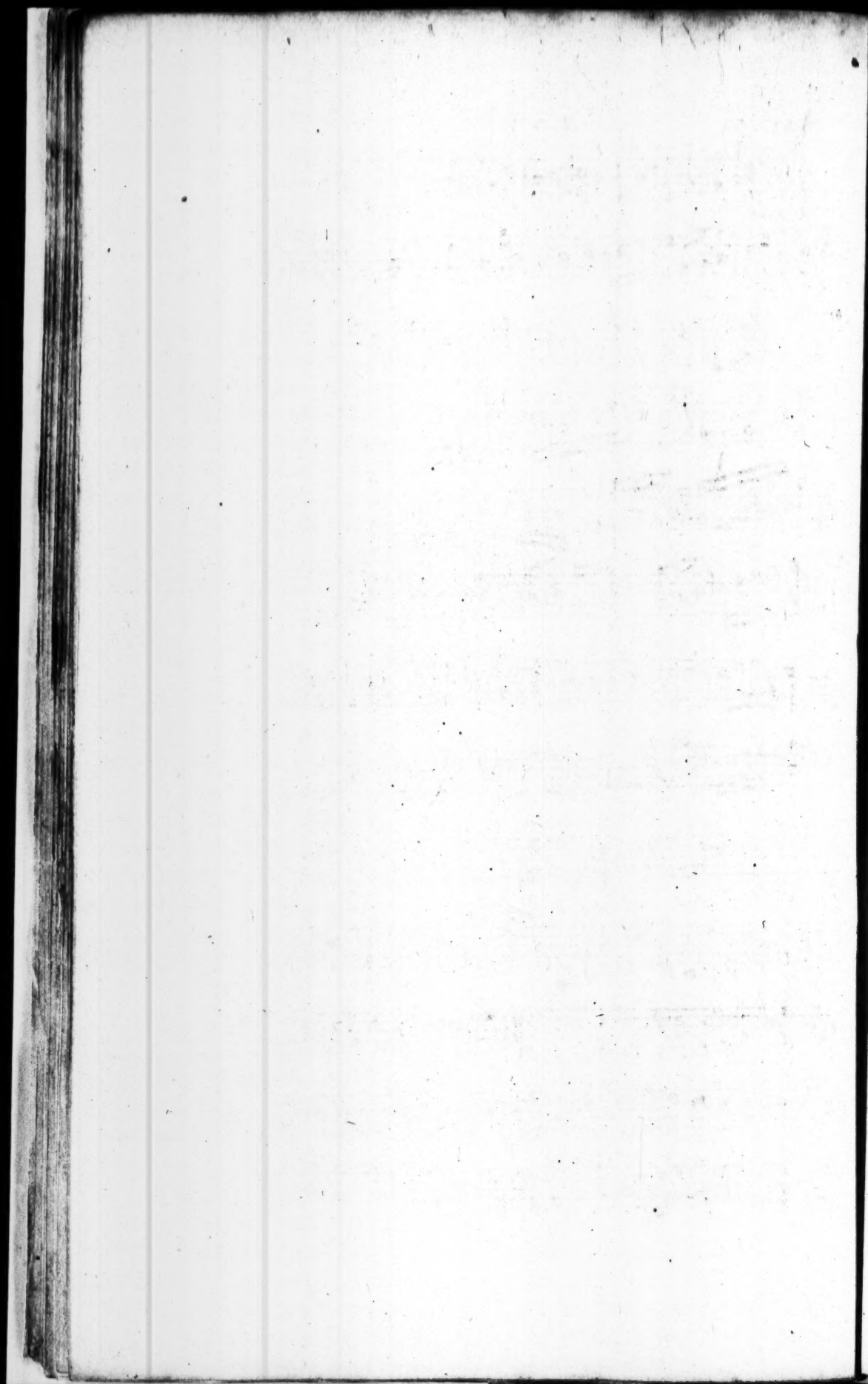
Brisk



Air 6

Brisk

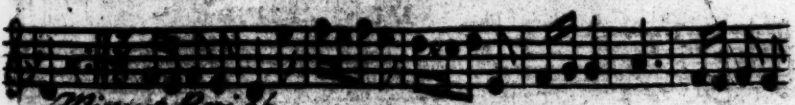
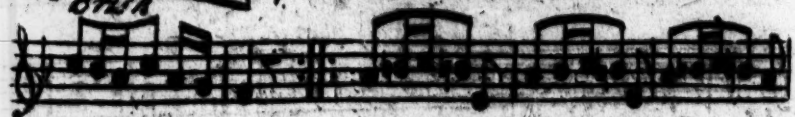




Air JJ (the Dialogue) (4)



Air 12



Musical Brisk



Air 7

(3)

Brist

Air 8

D.C.

Very Slow

D.C. Air 9

Brist

Air 10

Brist

